

THE
FRENCHMAN
IN
LONDON.
A
COMEDY.

From the FRENCH of Monsieur DE BOISSY.



LONDON:

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MDCCLV.



T O

SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq;

S I R,

THE World have long observed that the *French* are excellent at starting Subjects, and the *English* at improving on them. A Parallel, without Question, will be drawn between this *Frenchman* in *London* and your *Englishman* at *Paris*, in Support, or in Exception to that

A 2

Max-

iv The DEDICATION.

Maxim : which of the two, will not, perhaps, be soon determined.

The rough *Briton* will, doubtless, give the Palm to you ; for he loves sound Sense and surly Satire : To the light, the prejudiced, and frivolous *Frenchman*, 'twill perhaps appear due to *Boissy* : But none will know better how to value their Judgment, than yourself.

You remember when walking once in the *Thuilleries*, you (by that Art peculiar to you own Genius) represented a *Frenchman* to himself ; the Coxcomb, far from being struck with the Ridicule, declared you the only well-bred *Englishman* he had seen.

You will remember, and others will learn what to think of light
Judg-

The DEDICATION.

Judgments, by this Incident. Which
Way the Prize will be decided, it
can become no Man less to determine
than him

Who is, with as much Respect as
you will permit,

Your very humble Servant,

The TRANSLATOR.

P E R-

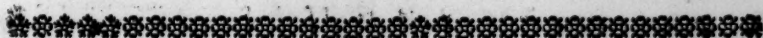
PERSONS.

Marquis de POLINVILLE,	}	TWO FRENCHMEN.
Baron de POLINVILLE,		
ELIANTE, — —		an <i>English</i> Widow.
Lord CRAFF, —		ELIANTE's Father.
Lord HUSSAY, —		Son to Lord CRAFF.
JACK ROASTBEEF,		an <i>English</i> Trader.
FINETTE, —		a <i>French</i> Servant.

SCENE, in LONDON,
In a Ready Furnished Lodging.



THE
FRENCHMAN
IN
LONDON.



SCENE I.

*The Baron de POLINVILLE, and the Marquis de
POLINVILLE.*

MARQUIS.



HAT I could leave *Paris*, the Seat
of Politeness, and Center of the Beau-
monde, to see this low and dismal
City of *London*!

BARON.

Marquis, I excuse you—you wou'd speak other-
wise of *London*, if you had been longer here, and
knew it better.

MARQUIS.

No, Baron! I know the pretty Seat of my Re-
sidence well enough, though I have but three
B Weeks

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Weeks been honoured with its Acquaintance. The best of the *English* is, they speak *French*; and they mangle that!

B A R O N.

We mangle it too often: But if we deliver ourselves with more Elegance; their Conversation abounds with good Sense.

M A R Q U I S.

Their Conversation!—They have none. They'll sit an Hour without opening their Lips: When they do speak, 'tis *Comment vous portez vous?* How do you do? They have no more to say, and they think this a very entertaining Discourse.

B A R O N.

The *English* are not lively, but they are solid.

M A R Q U I S.

Shall I give you my Sense of the Matter? Instead of their constant Course of spending Three Fourths of their Lives in a Coffee-house, to talk Politicks, and muse over the dull Impertinence of a News-paper, they would do well to see good Company at their own Houses, to learn to receive with a better Grace People of Condition who visit 'em; and to make themselves a little more sensible than they are at present of the Estimation of a pretty Gentleman.

B A R O N.

Give me Leave to tell you, Marquis, since you oblige me to talk seriously, that there want only three or four more such pretty Gentlemen as you, to finish the Task of giving our whole Country a very despicable Character among a People who are no mean Judges, and with whom our Reputation for Understanding, stands at present but upon a ticklish Foundation. Let me go a little farther, Marquis, and put you in Mind that you have already been the principal Actor in two or three
Scenes,

The FRENCHMAN in LONDON. 3

Scenes, which have made you known very well to the whole Town.

MARQUIS.

So much the better. People of Merit lose nothing by being known.

BARON.

True, Marquis!—But the Misfortune is, you are not known to your Advantage: they universally turn you to ridicule. They say you are a *Frenchman* so zealous for the Politeness of your Country, that you are come Express to *London*, to give the *English* a publick Instance of its Elegance, and teach all *Britain* how to live.

MARQUIS.

They have sufficient Need to be taught, and I don't look upon myself as a bad Instructor.

BARON.

I wish you would learn, my pretty Cousin, that this blind Affection you have for the *French* Manner runs you into a thousand Extravagancies. You should know, that instead of attempting to bring a People, among whom you are a Stranger, to live according to your Customs, it would become you to conform to theirs: and that if it were not for the excellent Regulations of this Place, you would already have got yourself into twenty Scrapes for one.

MARQUIS.

It is Time you should be told, my sober Monitor! that your three Years Residence in *London* has most enormously depraved your Taste. You have absolutely got something of the out-of-the-way Air and Manner of the People of the Place.

B 2

BARON.

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B A R O N.

The out-of-the-way Air of the People of the Place! What is it possible you can mean by this?

M A R Q U I S.

Why, I mean that the People of *London* have not the Air they should have.—They have not that free, open, easy, earnest, engaging and polite Air — that which by Way of Eminence we call *an Air*! In a Word, that have not the Air that we have;—we other *Frenchmen*.

B A R O N.

O, you are in the right!—The *English* People are wrong to have the *English* Air among them.—They ought, to be sure, to have in *London* the same they have at *Paris*!

M A R Q U I S.

Come, no Raillery! As there is but one true Taste, there is but one true Air; and, beyond a Question, that is ours.

B A R O N.

This is a Point the *English* will dispute with you.

M A R Q U I S.

And I will support it against their whole Nation, that the Man who has not the Air we have in *France*, will do every Thing in the World with a wretched Grace. I affirm he can neither walk nor stand, sit down nor get up; that he can neither cough nor spit, sneeze, or use his Handkerchief.—He is in Consequence a Man without all Manners; and a Man without Manners is insupportable in every Circumstance. — A Man without Manners is a Man one should throw out at Window.

B A R O N.

B A R O N.

O, my dear Marquis of Manners! hear me: If you can find a Way to exchange some of your good Manners for a little good Sense, I would have you take the first Opportunity to strike up a Bargain.

M A R Q U I S.

'Tis to this Air, this Politeness, and these good Manners, against which you exclaim so furiously, that I owe a Conquest, Baron! Aye, and a glorious one!

B A R O N.

There's another Instance of the constant Disease of our *Frenchmen* who travel. They are so prepossessed in Favour of their own Importance among the Women, that they imagine nothing can resist the Brilliancy of their Manner, and the Charms of their Persons. They think they have only to shew themselves to captivate all the Females of a Country. A Look directed toward them by perfect Chance; some little Civility done without the least Design, never fails to stand with them as an Assurance of a perfect Victory. They set themselves up at once, as the Conquerors of Female Hearts. The Air with which they leave *France*; is not that of Men going a Tour, but on an Intrigue.—But, Marquis.—

M A R Q U I S.

But, everlasting Baron, be pleased to hear me. 'Tis not on an accidental or uncertain Look, or upon some Piece of common Civility, that I build my Assurance of this Lady's loving me. I have been told of it; it has been said to me in Person — addressed to my own Ears, Baron!

B A R O N.

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BARON.

Pray! may one know who this admirable Lady is!

MARQUIS.

'Tis a young Widow: her Residence is at *Canterbury*: she is Daughter to an *Englishman* of Quality, handsome and rich. She is at present in *London* on Affairs of Importance. Chance brought me to her Acquaintance; and I have, purposely, taken Lodgings in this House, in another Part of which she has been about a Week, since she left her other Residence.

BARON.

Her Name is? —

MARQUIS.

Eliante. —

BARON.

Eliante! — I know her! — I have seen her several Times at *Clarinda's*, a Lady of her intimate Acquaintance — she is one of the first Women of the Age.

MARQUIS.

By the Earnestness with which you speak of her, one would imagine she was not altogether indifferent to you.

BARON.

You have not guessed amiss. — I conceal nothing from you. Of all the Women I have seen, she is the Person whose Favour I would solicit with the greatest Warmth: I shall acknowledge to you frankly, that if the Disposal of that Lady's Hand depended upon me, there is nothing I would not do to supplant you.

MARQUIS. [Laughing extravagantly.

You supplant me! — me? —

BARON.

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B A R O N.

Aye you! even you, Marquis!—I should have that Audacity.

M A R Q U I S.

'Twould be pleasant to see that brought to a Trial. But tell me, my dear, dear Cousin—does the Lady know of your Passion?

B A R O N.

I believe, Marquis, she does not.

M A R Q U I S.

O I compassionate you—unfortunate Gentleman! If you'll give me Leave, I'll do myself the Honour of acquainting the Lady with your Sentiments.

B A R O N.

You are too obliging—It will be a Pleasure to me to take that Trouble for myself: and to tell you the Truth, I only wait for an Opportunity.—

M A R Q U I S.

Upon my Honour, I'll get you one.—We need not go far to seek it: here is the Lady herself: she comes most happily on the Occasion.

S C E N E II.

The BARON, the MARQUIS and ELIANTE.

M A R Q U I S. [To Eliante.

PERmit me to have the Honour to present to you, Madam, this Stranger. He is a Person of Fashion, a *Frenchman*, my Relation and my Rival. He has had the Happiness of meeting you at *Clarinda's*: and you have made a Conquest without your Knowledge

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ledge. He has of a long Time sought an Opportunity of declaring his Passion. He has it now—and I am proud of having obtained it for him.

E L I A N T E.

Seriously, Marquis——

M A R Q U I S.

Under that discreet and modest Air, I assure you, Madam, you will find him a dangerous Person.—I give you Notice of it. He has a Mind to supplant me, Madam! the Gentleman has a Mind to supplant me!

E L I A N T E.

Let us have done with this—this is pushing Raillery too far——

B A R O N.

The Raillery, Madam, will fall only upon me—I deserve it—the Marquis, with all this Pleasantry, has told you nothing but the Truth. You will pardon a Transport in which I could not command myself. When he named you I could not forbear telling him, that I never saw any thing so adorable as you. I could not hide my Surprise, nor the jealous Uneasiness that attended it, when he told me he had the Honour, the good Fortune, to be beloved by you!——

E L I A N T E [*To the Marq.*

Sir—were you capable of saying——

M A R Q U I S.

Oh, Madam, Madam, what Harm was there in telling him? You are a Woman of Condition; and I am a Man of Quality.—You are rich; and I am no Beggar.—You are a Widow; I am a gay Fellow.—You are Nineteen; I am Four and Twenty.—You are handsome; I am not frightful.—We are made for one another: we love one

ano:

another; and to what Purpose should we affect to conceal it?

E L I A N T E.

But I don't love you at all, Sir:—and whenever it shall happen that I do, I shall request of you to have a little Discretion.—I am fond of Secrecy.

M A R Q U I S.

Secrecy, Madam!—O fie!—'tis the worst Dish that can possibly be served up to People of Spirit.

E L I A N T E.

In *France*, I grant you.—There People make Love for the Air it gives 'em. There they have no Ambition to be lov'd but what rises from the Vanity of talking of it. Love in *France* is nothing more than an idle Pleasantry; a continual Scene of Deceit; and he that deceives best is accounted the most accomplished Man. But 'tis not thus in *England*, we are a People of more Integrity. We love for the sole and single Pleasure of loving: with us Courtship is a serious Thing. It is here an Intercourse of Sentiments; not as with you, a mere Traffick of Words.

M A R Q U I S.

But one must always have some Person, Madam, to whom one may relate the Success of one's Addresses. Look into the most authentic Stories of Romance, and you will never find a Heroe that had not his Confidant. I have chosen the Baron to be mine. Upon my Honour he is a Person of Discretion: and I am only acting according to Rule.

B A R O N.

I shall not fail in Point of Discretion so far as this Lady is concerned: but for you nothing obliges me to keep your Secret. You communi-

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cated all to me from Vanity; and not in Confidence.

ELIANTE. [*To the Marq.*

You are an admirable——

MARQUIS.

Baron! we must take our Leave of the Lady; thou hast not the Discernment to find thou art tiresome.—Thou dost not perceive thou hast been saying disagreeable Things to her.—Thou put'st her out of Temper.—Thou art here too long.

ELIANTE.

If any Body is here too long, Marquis, I assure you it is not that Gentleman.

MARQUIS.

Ah, my sweet Lady, you are piqu'd:—I see you are piqu'd.—I'll punish you.—I'll leave you with him.—Let him entertain you, Madam!—Let him entertain you—I shall be no Sufferer by it. You'll the better relish me afterwards.

[*Exit Marquis.*

SCENE III.

The BARON and ELIANTE.

ELIANTE.

THERE's what we call the *Frenchman*.—

BARON.

Be more candid, Madam, than to confound all of our Nation with him. Permit me to assure you that Gentleman is——

ELIANTE.

The FRENCHMAN in LONDON. 11

ELIANTE.

I understand you, Sir. I am not so unjust or unreasonable to be blind to the Difference there is between him and yourself; nor so bigotted to my own Country, as to refuse you the Respect your Merit claims, that you are of the same Nation with him.

BARON.

I understand this too well: You esteem me, Madam, and you love the Marquis.

ELIANTE. [*Uneasily.*

I love the Marquis!—Sir, who told you so?

BARON.

Your present Disorder—the very Manner in which you would deny it.

ELIANTE.

Sir, you are deceived.—I despise the Marquis too much to love him.

BARON.

Alas! this Riddle has its Explanation.—This kind of Contempt is but Love disguised.—You love him the more, the more you are ashamed of loving him.

ELIANTE.

What would you say if I should incline to marry another?

BARON.

Another! With what Transport should I hear the Words, were it possible your Choice could fall on me! Think of it, Madam!—'Tis impossible for you to revenge yourself more gloriously of the Marquis; nor can you, at the same Time, give Happiness to a Man by whom you are more sincerely loved.

E L I A N T E.

Baron!—

B A R O N.

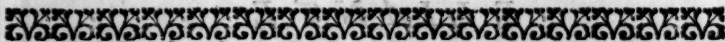
Without boasting, I am Master of a Fortune not inconsiderable.—I am of an honourable Family; and my Heart regards you with the tenderest—

E L I A N T E.

Sir!—your Proposal is so serious it demands mature Reflection. Give me Time to consider it with that Attention it deserves.

B A R O N.

Madam, I take my Leave—I am gone. I see Love pleads with you for the Marquis. You doat upon him. 'Tis the only Fault I see in you, but I fear 'tis one you will easily amend.



S C E N E IV.

E L I A N T E *alone.*

I Will correct this Weakness of my Fancy—I will—I am a Woman, and 'tis natural I should be struck with the imaginary Graces, and false Brilliancy of a superficial Merit; but I am also an *English* Woman, and in Consequence I have Power to use my Reason.—If the Marquis continue—

S C E N E



SCENE V.

ELIANTE and FINETTE.

FINETTE.

MAdam, here is a Letter which they forgot to deliver to you last Night.

ELIANTE.

Give it me ! 'tis from my Father ; I know his Hand. [Eliante reads.

I set out at the same Time with this Letter, and shall certainly be in London To-morrow. I hear your Brother keeps improper Company. I am told he has made a new Acquaintance with a French Marquis, who will utterly spoil him. As I can only stay in London three Days, and must, at the End of that Time, sail for Jamaica, I am come to a Resolution to send him thither, and to marry you to Mr. John Roastbeef, a Merchant, a very worthy Man, and one who is not at all the less reasonable because he is a little singular. You are so very young, that I can by no Means leave you a Widow ; and I assure myself you will make no Difficulty of submitting to the Pleasure of a Father, who has nothing in View but your Advantage, and who loves you with the most tender Affection.

CRAFF.

FINETTE.

Your Father comes To-day to marry you to Jack Roastbeef ! Unfortunate ! He is, of all the English I have seen, the most disagreeable, silent, awkward and unmannerly.

ELIANTE.

O Finette ! What News is this ! My Heart is torn by a thousand Reflections which I cannot reconcile.

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concile. I love the Marquis, and he very little deserves my Esteem. I esteem the Baron, and I wish I could love him. I hate *Roastbeef*, and him I must marry. So my Father determines.

F I N E T T E.

But, Madam, are not you a Widow? and in Consequence Mistress of yourself?

E L I A N T E.

My extreme Youth, the Tenderness my Father has always shewn for me, and the Expectations I have from him in Point of Fortune; all dec are against my refusing to do whatever he commands.

F I N E T T E.

What! Is it possible, Madam, you can bring yourself to resolve on taking another Husband of your own Nation, after what you have suffered with your first? Have you forgot so soon the miserable Life you passed during the two Years you and he lived together? Always gloomy, always surly to you. He never said one civil Thing to you in your whole Marriage. He got up in the Morning out of Humour, and he returned in the Evening drunk. This was all you knew of him. He left you to mope alone the whole Day, or under a Necessity of passing it in Complaints with other Wives as wretched as yourself: or at best to knot, or mend a Ruffle, by Way of Amusement, and play your Fans by Way of Conversation. Od's my Life, Madam! I insist upon it you make no such other Match; or discharge me at once! I have not the Heart to bear it!

E L I A N T E.

What would you have me do?

F I N E T T E.

F I N E T T E.

Do!—Have the Courage to resolve upon your own Happiness : Marry a Man of my Country, a *Frenchman* ! Consider, Madam, the *French* are the best Men in the World to make Husbands ; they may stand as Examples, in this Respect, to all the People of the Earth. A *Frenchman*, Madam, has a hundred Times the Politeness and Complaisance, in speaking to his Wife, that the *English* has in addressing his Mistress. A Person of your Beauty and Accomplishments in *France*, Madam, would be adored by her Husband : He would not think it possible to make so good a Use of his Fortune, as to ruin himself for your Satisfaction : He would have no greater Pleasure than to see you glitter in the Assembly, outshine every Woman, and command the Regard, and conquer the Hearts of all the Men : He would pick you out the most magnificent House ; order you the richest Coach, and hire you the tallest and handsomest Footmen the Country afforded. You would see about you, at every Moment, a Crowd of Lovers, of Adorers, earnest to please you, and ingenious to entertain you : You would see them adore your Looks, study your Taste in every Thing, and prevent your Wishes. You would see them ruin themselves in Gallantries, eager to conduct you from Amusement to Amusement ; and all this Time your Husband would not dare to find Fault with any Thing, lest he should be laugh'd at by every Man in the Place. This it is to be married in *France*, Madam.

E L I A N T E.

Oh, *Finette* ! but how shall I bring my Father over to this ?

F I N E T T E.

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F I N E T T E.

Speak to him, Madam, with that Resolution which becomes a Widow, without forgetting the Respect that is due from a Child to her Parent: Represent to him, Madam, that the Husbands of this Country are not calculated to make a Woman happy. Tell him you have already found this by sorrowful Experience: and, in fine, acquaint him, that you have another Offer much more advantageous, and more conformable to your Inclination: Tell him 'tis a *Frenchman*, a Marquis, well-made, young and rich.

E L I A N T E.

My Father will never consent to this. He is already prejudiced against him: you see it by his Letter: for sure enough 'tis our Marquis that he speaks of, and of whom he has heard so ill a Character.

F I N E T T E.

My Lord *Craff*, your Father, is a Man of Sense. 'Twill be no difficult Thing, Madam, to bring him to hear Reason.

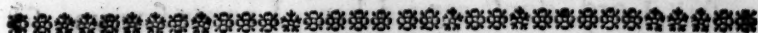
E L I A N T E.

Nay, but for my own Part, *Finette*, I have great Reason to be dissatisfied with the Marquis. His Indiscretion.—

F I N E T T E.

O, very well! very well! Some Allowances may very well be made the Marquis on account of his Youth, and the Charms of his Person and Deportment.—But here is my Lord *Hussay*, your Brother.

S C E N E



S C E N E VI.

Lord HUSSAY, ELIANTE and FINETTE.

Lord H U S S A Y.

GOOD Morrow! Good Morrow! — How do you do, my pretty little Sister?

E L I A N T E.

Good Morrow to you, Brother. I see you very seldom of late.

Lord H U S S A Y.

Why, what would you have a Man do?—You have changed your Lodging, and I never knew till to-day where you were: But beside this, since I saw you, I have been drawn away from every Thing else in the World, by a whole Series of Pleasures. I have made an Acquaintance with a young *Frenchman* of Quality; they call him the Marquis de *Polinville*: Faith he is the most agreeable, the most good natured, and the most amiable Fellow breathing. Believe me, Sister, I that shine, without Vanity, beyond all the Men of Figure in *London*: I am a Clown to him. Upon my Soul, I date my beginning, to know what Life is, from the Day I fell into his Acquaintance.—O! what Things he has taught me, in only four or five Conversations; what a different Creature have I made of myself, by only four Days of his Acquaintance; its inconceivable what Improvement I have found: sure you perceive a Change in me?

E L I A N T E.

Indeed I do.—I perceive you are ten Times more ridiculous than you used to be.

D

F I N E T T E.

F I N E T T E.

My Lord, don't regard her: I never saw you so airy, so easy, and genteel in my Life.

Lord H U S S A Y.

I was always a Fool when I was among the Women; I was perplexed, confused, and frightened out of my Wits; I never knew what to say to them. But now—I am another sort of a Creature.—See me now in a Circle of Ladies, and you shall be astonished at me, my pretty little Sister; I dissemble, I rally, I laugh, I banter, I cringe, I skip about, I fly from one to another, and find the Way to amuse 'em all: I appear polite, and full of the most profound Respect to 'em in Publick; but give me a *Tête à Tête*, and I am as bold as a Lion. Nothing charms a Woman like a noble Assurance.

E L I A N T E.

You are spoiling yourself, Brother—you are becoming a Libertine.

F I N E T T E.

O, Madam! a little Tincture of the Libertine always sits well upon a young Man; and nothing has such Effect in polishing him, as the Acquaintance of the Ladies

Lord H U S S A Y.

Sister! *Finette's* in the the Right. 'Twas she who gave me my first Lesson in Politeness: 'tis an Obligation I shall never forget. *Finette* is modest, my Praises make her blush! Oh! live the Women! they are the Life, the Soul of Pleasure. For Example, at Table nothing is so charming as a pretty Woman to give a Spirit to the Wine; who will sing a Drinking-Song, or who will sit with her Glass in her Hand to hear one.—Our *English* People

The FRENCHMAN in LONDON. 19

People don't know their own Interests, when they banish the Women from their Parties: they drink for drinking Sake; and carry their gloomy Thoughts into the very Bosom of Joy. The *French* are the only People in the World who make a Debauch agreeable. The Night before last I made the most excellent Supper with the Marquis, Man ever tasted. We were at the King's Arms; the Cook was *French*; and the Entertainment *French*: Dishes! we had no such Thing, we were served in Saucers; but delicate beyond Admiration. We had Women too.—O Sister! I never tasted so much Pleasure in my whole Life. What Spirit, what Revelry, what voluptuous Satisfaction!—And we did, and we said such Things, such excellent Things! I wished for you fifty Times among us; so affectionate a Brother am I.

E L I A N T E.

The *French* Marquis is an excellent Instructor. He has tutoured you gloriously.—I see the Effect of it.

Lord H U S S A Y.

I must bring you acquainted with him. There will be no great Trouble in it; for I find he lodges here in the same House. I have talk'd to him about you already, but without mentioning your Name. I have a Thought come into my Head. He is to sup with me to-night at the same Tavern: I have given Orders for the Entertainment, and you and *Finette* shall be of the Party.

F I N E T T E. [Curtfying.

My Lord you do me too much Honour!—

E L I A N T E.

I agree to it with all my Heart, provided my Father, who comes to Town to Day, be one of the Party.

Lord H U S S A R.

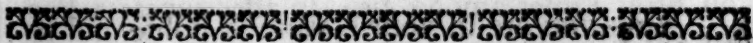
Ha!—My Father come to Town to-day!

E L I A N T E.

Yes,—to-day, Brother.—And your Improvements, of which he has had some Account, are in part the Occasion of his Journey.

Lord H U S S A R.

He comes devilishly *mal a propos*.—Fathers are very troublesome People! Poh! here's our whole Party broke now.—Good bye Sister—I shall go countermand the Supper, and uninvite the Company. Good bye.



S C E N E VII.

E L I A N T E and F I N E T T E.

F I N E T T E.

YOUR Brother begins to form himself, Madam.

E L I A N T E.

He has spoiled himself to all Intents and Purposes. He is fairly enrolled among the List of *English* Beaux; a Generation the more insupportable, for that they have taken up all the Vices, and all the Follies of your *French Petits Maîtres*, without any Thing of the Agreeableness that hangs about 'em.—Here's somebody coming.—Oh! 'tis that Wretch *Roastbeef*. Since he has been nam'd to me for a Husband, I find him twenty Times more detestable than he used to be.

F I N E T T E.

F I N E T T E.

That's very natural. Come, Madam, go in: Let me have the Honour of receiving this Visit for you.— I'll give him a *French* Reception. [*Exit Eliante.*]

S C E N E VIII.

JOHN ROASTBEEF *and* FINETTE.

[ROASTBEEF *to* FINETTE, *who curtsys.*]

HAVE done with your Curtsies—what the Devil do they signify? Have done—have done with 'em.

F I N E T T E.

Sir—you are in your Nature so polite and so obliging to others, that one cannot excuse one's Self from endeavouring to be so to you.—

R O A S T B E E F.

This Stuff is as nonsensical and useless as the other: Prithee, let's come to the Point—Where's *Eliante*?

F I N E T T E.

She is not visible.

R O A S T B E E F.

She ought to be visible to her Husband that is to be.

F I N E T T E. [*Laughing heartily.*]

Her Husband that is to be!—You her Husband that is to be!—

R O A S T B E E F.

Me! aye, me! — Why, what is there in that so comical?

F I N E T T E.

22 The FRENCHMAN in LONDON.

FINE TTE.

Sir, I beg your Pardon : But, upon my Credit, your Figure, Sir, is so very extraordinary, that I can't forbear laughing.

ROASTBEEF.

Hark'ye, you are no better than an impudent—I sha'n't say what, with all your Politeness.

FINE TTE.

But, Monsieur! —

ROASTBEEF.

I am *John Roastbeef*, no Monsieur. I have told you a hundred Times, that Name offends my Ears, it belongs to so many Rascals.

FINE TTE.

Well, *John Roastbeef*, then; since *John Roastbeef* you are; look at your Person in the Glass, and do yourself justice: that will inform you that you are not in a Dress to be presented to the Daughter of a Man of Quality; nor elegant nor amiable enough to be the Husband of such a Person. I'll shew you a *French* Marquis who lodges in the same House here; you shall see him with me: then you'll know what a pretty Fellow is! then you shall form a Notion of what Sort of People the *French* Men of Quality are.

ROASTBEEF.

I'll be hang'd if it is not that Original, the Marquis of *Polinville*, you talk of. I should not be displeased to look at him, I have heard a Character of him so ridiculous!

FINE TTE.

Speak with more Respect, when you name a *Frenchman*, and particularly when 'tis a *Frenchman* of Quality.

ROAST-

The FRENCHMAN in LONDON. 23

R O A S T B E E F.

What is it you are dinging in my Ears with your Man of Quality, I laugh at your Titles of Quality; that's an imaginary Dignity. Honest Men are the true Gentry, there's nothing but Vice makes People infamous.

F I N E T T E.

There's the Speech of a Tradesman, who wants to border upon the Wisdom of the Philosopher. But I see the Marquis, coming Mr. Roastbeef. Find somebody else to talk to.

S C E N E IX.

The MARQUIS, ROASTBEEF, and FINETTE.

F I N F T T E.

MY Lord Marquis, here is a Person whom I would fain have you polish a little; he has great Occasion for it. I recommend it to your Lordship most earnestly. The Gentleman's Name is JOHN ROASTBEEF. You'll not forget him.

[Exit.

S C E N E X.

The MARQUIS and ROASTBEEF.

M A R Q U I S *Aside.*

FI N F T T E is right. This Person has by no Means an advantageous Air. No Matter: Let us give him Politeness: Let us be like ourselves [Speaking to Roastbeef, who stares at him.

Sir,

24 The FRENCHMAN in LONDON.

Sir,—may I take the Liberty of asking you, what it is that procures me the Honour of this particular Regard and Attention from you?

ROASTBEEF.

Curiosity.

MARQUIS.

Sir, can I be informed of any Thing in which I can oblige you?

ROASTBEEF.

Why, tell me truly whether you be the Marquis de Polinville?

MARQUIS.

Yes.—That is my Title.—

ROASTBEEF.

Why then I shall sit myself down, that I may view you more at my Ease. [Sitting down.

MARQUIS.

You appear to me, Mr. Roastbeef, to be very deficient in your Deportment.

ROASTBEEF.

Well, well, no Matter! Along, along! Courage! Come, walk about, walk about! Give yourself some Airs! Shew me some Politeness! Let me see Fashions! Say some smart Things to me! Come!—I look at you! I shall hear you!

MARQUIS.

How's this, my Friend, *John Roastbeef*: you rally, I fancy. You would be severe upon me. So much the better; upon my Honour, so much the better. I love People that shew Spirit, tho' 'tis at my own Expence. I see you are come hither to have a Set at Raillery with me. Come on; 'tis calling me to a Party of Pleasure; but take Care of yourself, Mr. *Roastbeef*. I play rough, I assure you; I give you Notice of it. I have foil'd stouter

Antagonist than you. When my Brain is once warm, you'll see none of your artificial Fireworks! Nothing but Cannon Shot, Buz, buz, pop, pop, pop. One Discharge follows sharp upon another. Well! What now? You are frightened already! You have lost your Speech! Come on boldly! Defend yourself! Press me hard! I don't love Conquests easily won! You begin with a Spirit Stroke, but there you stick! You answer not a Syllable! Come, have you done! own your Defeat! Well, will you give up? Not a Syllable! I'm out of Patience! Holla! Hey, *Jack Roastbeef*, you are asleep! Wake, wake, *Roastbeef*! Oh, upon my Honour, he's an Animal of most profound Taciturnity. I fancy he does this on Purpose to provoke me, but I shall not be his Dupe: I'll follow his Example, and we will have a right *English* Conversation.

[He sits down over against Roastbeef, looks at him a great while without speaking; afterwards says,

How do you do?—How do you do?—How do you do? If any one should listen at the Door now, he would be prettily deceived. So, Sir, this is all you have to say to me! Upon my Faith I must acknowledge your Conversation is extremely agreeable; and that one is extremely improved by sitting with you. Where, in the Name of Wonder, do you pick up all those excellent Things you say? They are rough Strokes that escape you; but they are Strokes, and worthy of the Press. Were I such a Man as you, I would have a Secretary continually by me, who should set down all my Repartees.—*Roastbeefiana*! 'Twould be an excellent Book of Entertainment.

26 The FRENCHMAN in LONDON.

R O A S T B E E F. [*Rising.*

It would not tire the Publick; it is better to say nothing than talk Nonsense; and it is better to go away than hear it. Fare ye well! I have given you Time to pour out all your Impertinence. I had a Mind to see if you were so ridiculous as they say you are. I ought to do you Justice. Your Fame is not sufficiently spread abroad. You are in the wrong to shew yourself for nothing. You are an excellent Buffoon. It's worth a Shilling a-piece to see you.

S C E N E XI.

The MARQUIS alone.

I Would teach that Brute to speak, if he wore a Sword.

S C E N E XII.

The MARQUIS, ELIANTE, and FINETTE.

F I N E T T E.

WELL, my Lord, have you put a little Life into our *Englishman*?

M A R Q U I S.

Go about your Business. You have set me to dispute with a Coach-Horse. The most stupid Beast!

E L I A N T E.

Bestow better Words, my Lord, if you please, upon a Gentleman who is to be my Husband.

M A R-

MARQUIS.

He!—he your Husband, Madam! If I had known that, he should have taken his Leave with a Couple of Ears the less, I assure him: But you are pleased to banter:—That Person!—

ELIANTE.

I don't banter at all. My Father is coming to Town, upon that single Business, to marry me to that Gentleman.

MARQUIS.

And you, Madam, consent.

ELIANTE.

I should not, perhaps, have consented if I had found you a more reasonable Creature; but your Indiscretions and your fantastic Airs.—

FINETTE.

Oh, don't let us get into Disputes; we have no Time for them! Let us understand one another properly, and all three join Forces to get rid of this *Jack Roastbeef*. Do you begin, Madam, by forgetting all that's past.

ELIANTE.

Well, it shall be so. I am not severe. I pardon him this Time; but it shall be the last: and I do it only on Condition that he promises me to be more discreet and more reserved for the future. My Father will be here presently. My Lord Marquis, moderate this *French* Sprightliness when you see him. No Airs, I entreat you; and very, very few of your Graces.

MARQUIS. [*Affectedly*.

I protest to you, Madam; I swear to you, I will appear the most plain, the most unornamented of all Mankind.

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ELIANTE.

That's right! in telling me you will be the plainest Man in the World: You speak with the most consummate Affectation: You play your Head: You have fifty different Gesticulations: You deliver yourself with a Tone, an Air.—

FINETTE.

Ah, Madam! would you have the Marquis, at his Age, put on the Air and Manner of a *Cato*?

MARQUIS.

No, no! she would have me put on the Air and Manner of *Jack Roastbeef*, her Husband that is to be.

ELIANTE.

My Lord, I would have you put on the Air of a reasonable Creature, and take, if you please, the Baron for a Model.

MARQUIS.

Me! Madam: I copy no Man.—I pique myself upon being an Original.—

ELIANTE.

The World sees it plain enough: But remember, from this Moment, I pardon you; only on Condition, that you change your Air and Manner; and that you give no more Suppers at the *King's-Arms*. Adieu. I take my Leave. *FINETTE* and I are going to receive my Father.

SCENE

S C E N E XIII.

The MARQUIS alone.

THE *King's-Arms*!—Why who the Devil could tell her of my supping at the *King's-Arms*? I am invited thither again To-night.—But here's my Lord *Hussay*. This is just our AMPHITRION.—I'll break the Engagement.

S C E N E XIV.

The MARQUIS and Lord HUSSAY.

Lord HUSSAY.

MY Lord Marquis, it gives me the most sensible Concern that I can't keep my Party for Supper To-night. My Father comes to Town To-Day; and my Business with you, is to entreat you to put off the Appointment to another Evening.

M A R Q U I S.

Ah, my Lord *Hussay*, I am charm'd with this Excuse! I could not have supped with you.

Lord HUSSAY.

I, for my Part, am in Despair. I count, as lost, every Moment that I have not the Happiness to pass with you: Your Conversations are so many Lessons for my Conduct:—The more I see you, my Lord, the more I perceive the Superiority that you have over every Thing in this Nation.

M A R Q U I S. [*Aside.*

This young Fellow is very well bred, for an *Englishman*.

Lord

Lord HUSSAR.

Favour, me, my Lord, so far, to tell me, how it is you make yourself so amiable, so agreeable? 'Tis a *Je ne scay quoy*; you have that we all want; and that I can't express.

MARQUIS.

Believe me, my Lord, you will not find it difficult to attain it: Your Expressions and your Air distinguish you already from all your Countrymen. You know what's Life: you see your Happiness; and you have the Deportment of a *Frenchman*.

Lord HUSSAR.

I the Deportment of a *Frenchman*! Ah, my Lord Marquis, you could have said nothing that so flatters my Imagination! 'tis the only Thing in the World I am the most ambitious of acquiring!

MARQUIS.

My Lord, you have Taste: you'll go a great Way: you have a good Figure; and a great many of the Graces of the *French*. It would be Murder to bury them: You must display them, my Lord, you must display them. Nature gives the Rudiments for an agreeable Man; but 'tis Art alone that brings him to Perfection.

Lord HUSSAR.

And, dear my Lord Marquis, in what does that Art consist?

MARQUIS.

In a thousand Nothings that escape others, but that the Man of Elegance must understand: In Trifles, in the most frivolous Things, which he turns to Graces. A Stoop of the Head; a Shrug of the Shoulders; an Attitude; a Smile; a Regard to what is said; an Expression in one's Delivery; an Inflection of the Voice; a Manner in taking one's
 2
 Seat;

The FRENCHMAN in LONDON. 31

Sea ; in rising ; in holding one's Hat ; in taking Snuff ; in wiping one's Face ; even in spitting : In short, in every Thing. For Example now. Give me Leave to tell you you hold your Hat like a Merchant's Clerk. Observe me ; 'tis thus we hold a Hat in the Court of *France* ! In this Manner !

Lord H U S S A Y.

I'll not forget. I doat upon Airs and Graces, and Fashions !

M A R Q U I S.

Softly, my dear Lord, softly ! Let us hold a tight Rein upon our Fancy, don't let us confound one Thing with another. Airs and Graces are two quite distinct Things ; and Fashions are quite different from both. One has Graces naturally, one establishes and makes Fashions, and one gives one's self Airs. A Man of the World, for Example, has a Manner peculiar to himself ; (observe me ; for here lies the Quintessence of Life ;) this is in him a Fund of innumerable Graces. For Example, his Attention to the Words and Actions of others, by which he expresses the Respect he has for them ; the Earnestness with which he endeavours to please them, and obtain their Favour ; this gives a Grace to every Thing he does. Is he in an Assembly ? he is eternally careful to do nothing, and to say nothing but what is in the highest Degree obliging. He bends his Ear politely to one ; he answers another with the most perfect Civility ; he applauds one with a Smile, and chides another with good Humour ; he's complaisant to the Mother, while he ogles the Daughter. Does he do you some Favour ? the Manner in which he confers it is an hundred Times better than the Favour itself. For Instance : Suppose he is sensible you have Occasion for a Sum of Money, he will slip it into your Coat Pocket before you can be upon

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upon you Guard to prevent him. Of all the Graces in Behaviour that we see in the World, this last is the prettiest ; but, unluckily, it is the least common of all. Does he refuse you a Request, which is a good deal more frequent, he softens the Harshness of the Denial with such smooth Words, and declines what you requested with so much Politeness, that you think you are still obliged to him. Do you come upon a Visit to his Wife when he happens to be at home ? he vanishes ; you never perceive his going ; and he leaves you the Field. This, my Lord, is the Character of a Man who knows Life ; a Man who has Graces.

Lord H U S S A Y.

This is the Character of a Man that's worth one's Acquaintance. Proceed, my Lord Marquis, I entreat you. The Fashions !

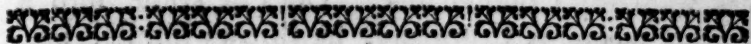
M A R Q U I S.

A Country Gentleman establishes himself Fashions, according to his mistaken Notions of Politeness ; his Ignorance of the Customs of the great World, and his not knowing the Court and the genteel World, mislead him, and he is most wrong when he intends to be most right. He is eternally delivering his Compliments, and overwhelms you with his tiresome Civilities. He will strangle you with an Embrace, to shew you how much he esteems and loves you. He will come to Fists with you, rather than permit you to give him the Wall ; and he will throw you into a Room Head and Shoulders to make you go in before him. Now, you may say a Creature like this is brutally polite, or politely brutish. Take Care, my Lord, to remember these are Fashions you are never to establish.

Lord H U S S A Y.

I shall forget no Part of your Instructions.

S C E N E



SCENE XV.

Lord CRAFF, Lord HUSSAY, and the MARQUIS.

Lord C R A F F. [At a Distance.

I Cannot find my Son any where—Hah!—I see him now, he is there with that *French* Marquis. I'll listen to their Conversation.

Lord H U S S A Y.

Now, my Lord Marquis, concerning *Airs*.

M A R Q U I S.

A genteel Man, (give me double Attention, pray, my Lord ; for this is the Depth of all) a genteel Man gives himself *Airs* in Complaisance to himself ; he does it to inform others of the Value he sets upon his Person ; to remind them he is a Person of Merit, and that the whole Study of his Life is to command the general Attention. Is he in the Walks, he steps with a fiery Boldness and Spirit : He carries his Head high ; his Hands are both tucked into the Girdle that supports his Muff, as if he said to the People about him, Way, Gentlemen ! Observe me as I pass by you. Say, have not I an Air of Quality ? Am I not made for Motion ? And you, my pretty malicious little Ladies, who follow me with your Eyes, your Whispers, and your Smiles, you would have me every one of you ; you would have me. Does he see a Man of his Acquaintance once pass by, he affects the Civility of a Lord ; he gives him a Nod, a Stoop of the Head, as if he said to him, your Servant,

F

Good-

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Good-morrow to you ! I recollect you ! You shall not want my Countenance. Does he come into a Room where is Company, he throws himself into an easy Chair ; tosses one Leg over the other. He raps with his Foot ; he displays some pretty Graces ; he plays with the Lace of his Shirt Bosom with one Hand, and strokes his Chin with the other ; he courts himself, and seems in a Conversation with himself. Upon my Soul, I am a very agreeable Rascal. Here's a Face that will reduce the Lady of these Lodgings to some Perplexity. Does he visit the Wife of a Citizen ? Ha ! Good-morrow to you—Good-morrow to my little Mischief, how dost thou do ? Ah ! you are as pretty to-day as an Angel. Come hither ! Sit down by me ! Come, take my Hands ! Give me a Kiss ! Take off that malicious Glove ! Let me feel that pretty, pretty Arm ! How I could eat it ! how I could squeeze it to-pieces ! You turn away your Head ! You draw back ; you blush ! O fie, fie, my dear little Ignorant, you don't know what Life is ! Why, are you to refuse any Thing to such a Man as I am ? Am I to beg and pray, and solicit ? Is there any such Thing as Modesty in the World ?

Lord H U S S A Y.

O ! this is a Lesson I shall not hear unprofitably.

M A R Q U I S.

All this I have been describing to you, will appear ridiculous to a great many People, but that can't be helped : One must give up something to make the Point one aims at. One must have the Courage to say aloud, I have Wit, I have Spirit, I am a handsome Fellow, and a Man of Family. The World will never esteem you one
Jot

Not more than you esteem yourself: And of all the bad Qualities that a Man can have, I know none so detestable as Modesty: It strangles all true Merit: It buries it alive. It is Assurance, my Lord, it is Assurance, that shews it to the World, and gives the Diamond its true Form and Lustre.

Lord H U S S A Y.

Now I know what Airs are. Ah! how I long to go and give myself some! How I long to give myself Airs!

Lord C R A F F.

My Son is a Youth of a most promising Disposition; and here is an excellent Discourse for his Improvement!

Lord H U S S A Y.

Since we are upon this Subject, let me intreat you, my dear Marquis, to inform me what are the Qualities which necessarily enter into the Composition of a genteel Man; of what we call a pretty Fellow!

M A R Q U I S.

He must have from Nature a large Share of Confidence, and an excellent Opinion of himself; he must have a happy Turn for Raillery, and a Taste for Scandal: With these he must acquire a high Taste for Pleasure, Libertinism and Debauchery; and an extreme Love for Variety and for Coquetry in his Amours.

Lord H U S S A Y.

Well, Heaven be praised for it, I have all this.

MARQUIS.

But, my Lord, beside all this, he must have received from his Birth and Education, Graces in a large Proportion; for, without these, all I have named is useless: He must have a Freedom of Taste, a Pleasantry of Temper, an Air of Banter and Raillery; and an Ease and Spirit in every Action: He must be ready to trample upon Sense and Decency, rather than sacrifice a happy Turn of pleasing. This Turn for pleasing is all in all. It outshines every Thing. If I were to wish, I should an hundred Times sooner desire to commit a Piece of Impertinence with a Grace, than to do the politest Thing in the World flatly and with Insipidity. Your pretty Fellow must display Strokes, Vivacity, Smartness and Brilliancy in every Thing he says. My Lord *Hussay*, never trouble yourself about Sense or Propriety, so you can shew the World you have Wit. 'Tis impossible to shew one of these in its true Lustre, but at the Expence of the other.

Lord C R A F F.

What Impertinence!

Lord H U S S A Y.

I apprehend, my Lord Marquis, you have omitted two very essential Qualities of a pretty Fellow,

M A R Q U I S.

Pray, what are they?

Lord H U S S A Y.

The Gift of Lying with Ease, and the Talent of Swearing furiously.

M A R-

MARQUIS.

My Lord, you are right. Nothing is a greater Ornament to Discourse, than a Lye told *a propos*, or an Oath introduced with Propriety.

Lord HUSSAR.

Why these also are Talents I possess in an entire Perfection, thank Heaven. Particularly, I swear gloriously. No Man in *Europe* pronounces better than I do Death and Damnation, Perdition seize me, and the like Conjurations.

Lord CRAFF.

The Rascal!

MARQUIS.

O fie, O fie, my Lord! This Swearing! Poh! Poh! these are vulgar Imprecations: these are in every Body's Mouth. A pretty Fellow must have his peculiar Oaths, Oaths of a distinguished and appropriated Kind: They must be new. I'll furnish you. I'll make you a Present, the first Opportunity, of a whole Collection of Oaths and Imprecations, just invented by a Captain of Dragoons, reviewed by a Sea-Officer, and augmented by a Gamester that had lost all his Stock at the E O Table. 'Tis an excellent Collection: it will give you infinite Instruction and Improvement.

Lord CRAFF. [*Coming forward.*]

I have too much Patience!—I can hold no longer!—

Lord HUSSAR.

Oh! here's my Father. I did not think he had been so near.

Lord

Lord C R A F F. [*Ironically.*

You will permit me, Marquis, to make you my Acknowledgements for the solid and excellent Instructions you have been giving my Son.

[*To Lord Hussy.*

As for you, my Lord, I am very glad I know how you spend your Time.

Lord H U S S A Y.

My Lord Marquis——has the Goodness, my Lord,——to take a great deal of Pains in my Favour——to form my Taste——

M A R Q U I S.

Aye, my Lord—I have been giving your Son Instructions in some Things, which may not be unworthy your own Consideration.

Lord C R A F F. [*To Lord Hussy.*

Son! be gone—retire—I shall, by-and-by, give you another kind of Lesson.—

SCENE XVI.

The MARQUIS, and Lord C R A F F.

M A R Q U I S.

UPON my Soul, my Lord *Craff*, I defy you;
I defy you to give him, in your whole Life,
the Foundation of so much Wit and Spirit, as he
has got from me in one Quarter of an Hour.

Lord

The FRENCHMAN in LONDON. 39

Lord C R A F F.

Before I answer you, I desire you will tell me what you take Wit to be; and in what you make it consist.

M A R Q U I S.

Wit is with Respect to the Mind, what Graces are to the Body. It gives the Air of Politeness and Agreeableness; and I make it consist in saying pretty Things about nothing; in giving a sprightly and shining Turn to the most frivolous Incidents; and an Air of Novelty to the most common Things.

Lord C R A F F.

If this be to have Wit, we have none in *England*: We pique ourselves upon not having any such Thing; but if you understand by Wit, good Sense——

M A R Q U I S.

O, my Lord! my Lord! I am not such an Ideot, as to confound Wit and good Sense together. Good Sense! why, good Sense is nothing but common Sense. This is to be picked up in every Street, and is the Growth of all Countries: but Wit is brought from no Part of the Globe but *France*. Our's is its native Country, and we furnish every other Part of *Europe*. Wit, my Lord, teaches only the Surfaces of Things: it meddles with nothing but the Flower; 'tis that which makes a Man agreeable, amiable, lively, spirited, light, pleasant, entertaining, the Delight of Society; an elegant Speaker; an agreeable Rallier; and, to give the whole Character at once, my Lord, a *Frenchman*. Good Sense, as you call it, just on the contrary, sinks with a dead Weight upon Things,

3

under

40 The FRENCHMAN in LONDON.

under the Notion of going to their Bottom; it attacks every Thing methodically and tediously; 'tis that which makes a Man heavy, pedantick, melancholy, silent, and tiresome; the Plague of Society, a Moralizer and empty Dreamer; in one Word——

Lord C R A F F.

An *Englishman*! — Is it not so?

M A R Q U I S.

Good breeding would not let me speak the Word; but you have laid your Finger on it.

Lord C R A F F.

That is to say, according to your Language, that an *Englishman* is a Man of good Sense, who has no Wit.

M A R Q U I S.

Right.——

Lord C R A F F.

And that a *Frenchman* is a Man of Wit, who has not common Sense.

M A R Q U I S.

Perfectly right.

Lord C R A F F.

The whole *French* Nation owe you their Acknowledgements, for so excellent a Definition; but since you renounce common Sense, let me inform you, my Lord, that I have a Right to deny you Wit.

M A R Q U I S.

Oh, my Lord! my Lord! you trifle with People. Can you deny me what I possess, and what you yourself have not?

Lord

The FRENCHMAN in LONDON. 41

Lord C R A F F.

I will take it upon me to prove to you, that Wit cannot exist where there is not good Sense.

M A R Q U I S.

Exist! Exist! there's a Word that favours furiously of the School.

Lord C R A F F.

Tho' I am a Man of Quality, I never blush to talk like a Man of Knowledge; and I affirm that Wit is no other than good Sense happily ornamented: for Instance—

M A R Q U I S.

Ah, my Lord! my Lord! you are pushing an Argument.

Lord C R A F F.

I'll do much more: I'll demonstrate to you—

M A R Q U I S.

My Lord; no! Nothing can be demonstrated to me!—I can be persuaded to nothing.

Lord C R A F F.

However opinionated you are, I'll undertake to convince you, by the Strength of my Reasoning—

M A R Q U I S.

Give me leave, my Lord; you have a Diamond there of an excellent Water, and finely set.

Lord C R A F F.

Here's my Man of Wit.—A Nothing takes off his Attention: a piece of Folly takes up his Thought entirely, while we are debating a serious Question.

G

M A R.

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M A R Q U I S.

Ah, my Lord! don't you perceive that's a polite Way I take of putting you in mind to change a Discourse that is tiresome? it fatigues me.

Lord C R A F F.

It is to me a surprising Thing, that good Sense should be a Load and a Fatigue to you; and that only Trifles——

M A R Q U I S.

[Sings.

For *Jenny's* no longer the Queen of the *May*.—

Lord C R A F F.

'Tis something odd for a young Fellow, who makes a Boast of Politeness, to be deficient in that very Article: I have been very condescending to attempt to force Reason into a——

M A R Q U I S.

Stop! Stop there my Lord! when I am attack'd by a Stroke, by a *Bon Mot*, I endeavour to give my Answer in another; but when People are insolent, when I am affronted, this is my Reply.

[Draws.

S C E N E. XVII.

The MARQUIS, Lord CRAFF, and the BARON.

B A R O N. [Stopping the Marquis.

HOLD, Marquis! you should know in London 'tis forbid to draw a Sword.

M A R Q U I S.

What the Devil! a Man shall tire me with his Folly, and I must not shew it: he must afterwards
insult

The FRENCHMAN in LONDON. 43

insult me; and I am not permitted to revenge myself.—I'll have Justice, tho' it be against the whole City.

Lord C R A F F.

I have Occasion for all my Coolness to suppress my just Indignation.

B A R O N.

Moderate your Fury; you are not here in *France*.

M A R Q U I S.

I go—if I stay longer here, I shall not be able to command my Temper.—Mr. *Englishman*, fare you well: if you have any Spirit, we shall see one another out of the Town. [Exit.

S C E N E XVIII.

The BARON and Lord CRAFF.

B A R O N.

GIVE me Leave, my Lord, to apologize for this Gentleman: I beg you will excuse the Folly of a young Man who is just raw from his own Country, and fancies the Customs of all the Nations in the World must be *French*.

Lord C R A F F.

Sir, you surprize me!

B A R O N.

My Lord, may I ask why?

Lord C R A F F.

You are a *Frenchman*; and yet you are a reasonable Person.

BARON.

Ah, my Lord! is it possible you can have taken up a Prejudice so unworthy a Man of Distinction and Consideration? for such you appear to me. Can you judge of a whole Nation by one Block-head, such as he who just went hence? Believe me, my Lord, there are reasonable People in *France* as well as elsewhere; and if there are among us impertinent and ridiculous Persons, we regard them with the same Eyes that you do: and are the first People in the World to taste and join the Ridicule. For the rest, 'tis a Misfortune common to us with the rest of the World: Every Nation has its Originals. Quit, therefore, an Error which misrepresents you; and use, in this Case, that Reason, which, in all others, you so much and so justly value.

Lord C R A F F.

Sir, you have convinced me: I perceive how superior Reason is to all Things, when it is accompanied with Politeness and an agreeable Manner. Give me your Friendship, Sir, with your good Opinion; you perfectly command mine.

BARON.

My Lord, my Friendship, if it can be of any Value, you have already most perfectly. Let me embrace you: Give me Leave to declare the Joy it is to me to have won the Heart of an *Englishman*, and one of your Merit. The Conquest is too great to be enjoyed without Transport!

Lord C R A F F.

I take my Leave, Sir, with the highest Sense of this Honour you have done me.

SCENE

The FRENCHMAN in LONDON.

S C E N E XIX.

The BARON alone.

THUS it is People set themselves one against another, without knowing each other, or themselves: However reasonable they may be, they are not above the Prejudices of Education.

S C E N E XX.

The BARON and FINETTE.

FINETTE.

O H, my Lord! do you know who that was you were just now talking with?

BARON.

A very accomplished Person: I know nothing more of him.

FINETTE.

'Tis my Lady's Father.

BARON.

The Father of *Eliante*! 'twas a happy Accident for me.

FINETTE.

She is not for the Marquis, I assure you. He, without knowing my Lord, got into a Quarrel with him. He told me the Matter in a terrible Fury; and then flew out of the Room without staying to hear me. This palpably happened just when my Lady and I had persuaded him out of the bad Opinion he had entertained of the Marquis, and was ready to accept him for his Son-in-law.

S C E N E

SCENE XXI.

The BARON, ELIANTE, and FINETTE.

BARON.

WELL, Madam! Are you yet determined?

ELIANTE.

I am determined, my Lord, to obey, in every Thing, my Father's Pleasure. If you would succeed with me, therefore, you must address yourself to him.

BARON.

I fly to obey you.

SCENE XXII.

ELIANTE and FINETTE.

FINETTE.

WHAT will you do, Madam?

ELIANTE.

What I ought, after what I see now of the Marquis. If I could forgive him this, I should be unworthy of my Father's Friendship. This last Stroke has opened my Eyes; it has given me all the Contempt for the Marquis he deserves.

SCENE



SCENE XXIII.

Lord CRAFT, *the* BARON, ROASTBEEF, ELIANTE,
and FINETTE.

Lord CRAFT [to *the* BARON and ROASTBEEF.

Gentlemen, I cannot give you my Answer, but
in the Presence of my Daughter.—Here she
comes.



SCENE *the last.*

Lord CRAFT, *the* BARON, *the* MARQUIS, Lord
HUSSAY, ROASTBEEF, ELIANTE, and FINETTE.

Lord HUSSAY. [*Presenting the Marquis.*

MY Lord, here is the Marquis, who is in
Despair at what has happened : He is na-
turally so polite——

Lord CRAFT.

Hold your Tongue, you Coxcomb ; you have
Occasion for somebody to speak for yourself.

MARQUIS.

My Lord, I had not the Honour to know you.

Lord

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Lord C R A F F.

No Matter, Marquis.—I impute all to your Youth, and I excuse it. I shall not force a Husband on my Daughter; I shall content myself with telling her my Thoughts.

E L I A N T E.

My Lord, determine for me, I entreat you; the Husband I shall receive from your Hand will be sure to please me.

M A R Q U I S. [*whispering Eliante.*

You run a Hazard of losing me—you may repent this, Madam.

Lord C R A F F. [*To Eliante.*

As I have but three Days to stay in London, and I must see you married before I go, I shall endeavour to make a Choice for you worthy of you and my self. Monsieur le Marquis, you are an extremely pretty Gentleman.

M A R Q U I S.

My Lord, I am very sensible of it.

Lord C R A F F.

But you set too little Value upon Reason; and Reason is a Thing for which there is great Use in such a State as Marriage.

[*To Roastbeef.*

For you, Sir, you have at the Bottom good Sense enough, but you too much neglect Politeness; and Politeness, I must tell you, is very necessary to render

THE FRENCHMAN in LONDON. 49

render a married Life happy, since it consists, in a Manner, in that mutual Attention and Civility which will not fail to give the greatest Pleasure to both Parties. You must not think me partial therefore, Gentlemen, that I prefer to you both the Baron, in whom I find good Sense and good Breeding united. He possesses every Thing that I can conceive necessary to the Happiness of my Daughter.

B A R O N. [*To Lord Craff.*

You, my Lord, bestow a Mine : But great as it is, it cannot be perfect, unless the Lady's Heart agrees with your generous Friendship.

E L I A N T E.

Of that, my Lord, you need entertain no Doubt, since my Father has been pleased to give me for a Husband, the Man, of the whole World, who has most perfectly my Esteem.

M A R Q U I S.

Madam, I take my Leave.—You suffer more in this than I. You love me, and I go.

[*Exit.*

Lord H U S S A R.

I go also.—I embark for *France*, to learn Politeness.

R O A S T B E E F.

Farewell, my Lord. I forgive you for refusing me. That *Frenchman* should have been born in *England*; you could not have made a better Choice.

[*He retires.*

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BARON.

You have shewn me, my Lord, that no Character is superior to that of a polite *Englishman*.

Lord CRAFT.

And, Baron, you have taught me, that none approaches to a *Frenchman* who has good Sense.

THE END.

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